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Poetry.

[From the London Athenæum.]

IS IT COME?

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Is it come? they said on the banks of Nile,
Who looked for the world's long-promised day,
And saw but the strife of Egypt's toil,
With the desert sands and the granite gray.
From pyramid, temple, and treasured dead
We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;
They tell of the slave and tyrant's dread,—
Yet there was hope when that day began.

The Chaldee came with his starry lore,
That built up Babylon's towers and creed;
And bricks were stamped on the Tigris' shore
With signs which our sages scarce can read.
From Ninus' temple and Nimrod's tower
The rule of the old East's empire spread,
Unreasoning faith and unquestioned power—
But still, Is it come? the watcher said.

The light of the Persian's worshipped flame
On ancient bondage its splendor threw;
And once on the West a sunrise came,
When Greece to her freedom's trust was true.
With dreams to the utmost ages dear,
With human gods and with godlike men,
No marvel the far off day seemed near
To those who looked through her laurels then.

The Roman conquered and revelled, too,
Till honor and faith and power were gone:
And deeper old Europe's darkness grew.
As wave after wave the Goth came on.
The gown was learning, the sword was law,
The people served in the oxen's stead;
But ever some gleam the watcher saw,
And evermore, Is it come? they said.

Poet and Seer that question caught
Above the din of life's fears and frets;
It marched with letters—it toiled with thought,
Thro' schools and creeds which the earth forgets;
And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,
And tradesmen barter our world away;
Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,
And still, at times, Is it come? they say.

The days of the nations bear no trace
Of all the sunshine so far foretold;
The cannon speaks in the Teacher's place—
The age is weary with work and gold;—
And high hopes wither and memories wane—
On hearths and altars the fires are dead,
And that brave faith hath not lived in vain!—
And this is all our Watcher said.

Choice Miscellany.

THE MILL PRIVILEGE.

A TALE WITH AN INSTRUCTIVE MORAL.

In one of the new towns of Maine, some thirty years ago, lived a man named John Tatnall. He was a close-fisted, digging man, and never scrupled to make the best end of a bargain at all points within allowance of written law. He never hesitated to make capital of other people's necessities, and any event that could put a dollar into his till, was all right to him. Once a neighbor lost a fine ox, just at a time when he was in the midst of fulfilling a contract for cutting down and hauling out lumber. The contract was worth a thousand dollars, and he was to forfeit one-half of it if he did not have all the logs in the river before the snow melted in the spring. The loss of his best ox would ruin him if he could not make his place good. He knew that Tatnall had plenty of oxen, and he went to him and stated his case. Now Tatnall had a number of odd oxen which he had bought to place in a drove, which he meant to drive to market, so he could have sold one ox just as well as not. But he saw his neighbor's necessity, and he meant to profit by it. He would not sell unless he sold a pair, and not then without an enormous price. The poor lumberer begged and entreated, but it was of no avail. There was not another ox to be bought for miles and miles around, for Mr. Tatnall had bought them all up. The neighbor could not allow his work to lie still, so he paid Tatnall full double what the oxen were worth and took them away.

Then it was that he happened to think of his odd ox. He knew 'twas by far better than either of those he had bought of Tatnall, and he drove it over to the cattle dealer's to sell it, as he had no use for it. Tatnall offered him twenty dollars for it—just one-fifth of what he had obtained for the yoke he had sold. We will not tell all the conversation and bantering that followed, but suffice it to say that Tatnall got the ox, and that in the end he made a profit of just seventy-five dollars out of his poor hard-working neighbor.

That was the character of the man, and all his neighbors knew it. Yet he was respected, for he had money, and many people depended on him for work, though their pittance for such work was beggarly in the extreme. Mr. Tatnall's farm was situated upon quite a large river, and he owned to a great extent on both sides of it. When he bought there, he had some faint idea that at some future time there would be a mill put up there, and thus greatly enhance the value of his lot, for there was quite a fall in the river where he owned, and a most excellent mill privilege was thus offered. But he never built a mill, for he had not the money to spare, nor had he the energy. About two years previous to the opening of our story, some men had come to examine the fall of the river, and they talked of buying and building extensive mill works. Tatnall knew that if such was done, the value of all the good land about him would be advanced, and he bought up all he could, so that at the present time he owned not less than a thousand acres.

One day in early spring, just as the ice had broken up, a man called on Tatnall, and wished to examine the mill privilege. His name was Lemuel Farnsworth, and he was a young man not more than thirty years of age, full of enterprise and integrity. Mr. Tatnall accompanied his visitor out to the river, and after examining the premises, the latter expressed himself very much pleased with them.

"Oh!" exclaimed Tatnall, "this is just about the finest mill privilege in the State. The water cannot fail, and you see there would be power enough to drive a dozen mills."

"I see," returned Farnsworth, but he did not express all he thought. He merely acknowledged that the privilege was good. "If I buy here," he continued, "I should want some forty or fifty acres of land to go with the water lot, for I shall want lumber enough to put up all my buildings, and some besides, of my own, to commence work on."

"You can have all you want," was Tatnall's reply; and shortly afterwards they returned to the house.

"Now what is your price?" asked Farnsworth, after he had declined to take a glass of rum which Tatnall had poured out for him.

"Well," returned Tatnall, thoughtfully, "I haven't thought much of selling, for I have had some idea of putting up a mill there myself."

This was a falsehood, but Tatnall said such things as naturally as a child laughs when it is pleased.

"But you will sell, I suppose?"

"O, yes."

"Then what would be your price?"

"You mean for the mill privilege and the fifty acres of woodland?"

"Yes."

"Well, the water lot is valuable, and as we all know the land is excellent, and then the lumber on it is of the first quality."

"I have seen all that, sir, now for the price."

"Well, I have thought if some one would put up a mill there, I would sell the privilege, with land enough for a garden and necessary buildings, say about six acres, for a thousand dollars. And then if you want the fifty acres, I should say a out seven hundred dollars more."

"But, my dear sir," muttered Farnsworth, in surprise, "do you consider how this mill will enhance the value of your property? We mean to put up not only a saw mill, but also a good grist mill and a carding mill, so that we can saw the lumber, grind the grain, card the wool, and dress all the cloth, for people who may come and settle here."

"Then you mean to do all this?" said Tatnall, really surprised, but without showing it.

"Yes."

Now Tatnall knew that this would be a vast benefit to him. The nearest mill was now six miles off, and even that was a poor flimsy concern, built upon a small brook that was dry nearly half the year. From this circumstance, people had not settled on the rich lands by the river, and the huge trees yet stood upon the finest alluvial soil in that section of the country. Such an establishment, Mr. Tatnall at once saw, would draw quite a village together in a few years, and thus his land would make him independently wealthy. But he believed he had the power in his own hands, and now he meant to use it.

"I cannot take a cent less," he said, after a few moment's thought. "To be sure, the establishment you speak of will be a benefit to me, but that is no reason why I should sacrifice now. It will be a benefit to you for which you can well afford to pay. If you will take the whole for seventeen hundred dollars, you can have it."

Mr. Farnsworth left, and when Tatnall found himself alone, he began to meditate upon the plan he had entered upon.

"If these two men have got their minds settled upon this mill," he said to himself, "they won't stop at trifles. Of course they have got money enough, or else they wouldn't be going into any such extensive business. I'll feel of them."

Mr. Tatnall said this with a sort of chuckle, and he clasped his hard fists together, just as though he had a helpless man within his grasp.

At the appointed time, Mr. Farnsworth returned, and with him came his partner, a man about the same age as himself, named Ridgely. They went out and looked the place all over, and at length they concluded they would pay the seventeen hundred dollars. It was a heavy sum; much more than the property was worth; but they had set their hearts upon building the mill in that section, and they wished not to give it up.

"Ah, gentlemen," said Tatnall, with a bland smile, after their offer had been made, "that price was not a fixed one; that was only a sum named two days ago, for acceptance or rejection at that time. I gave no claim for refusal. I cannot sell for that now."

"Are you in earnest?" asked Mr. Farnsworth.

"I am, most assuredly."

"And for what will you sell now?"

"You may have the whole for twenty-two hundred dollars."

"But, sir," uttered Ridgely, "this is monstrous. The mills may not return us a cent for years. Why, sir, for six years, at least, you will make more by the mills than we shall."

"That is looking farther ahead than is needed," replied Tatnall; "the property is worth what I have asked."

"But you will take off something?"

"No sir."

"You will say two thousand?"

"Not a cent less than twenty-two hundred."

Both the young men saw that Tatnall was trying to overreach them, but they did not give vent to their feelings, for they wanted the mill privilege much. They examined the nature of the land up and down the river, and they found that for many miles it was a rich, deep intervale, and such works as they meant to put up would surely make a large village there in a few years. And the circumjacent upland was good, being beautifully divided into undulating tracts, and bearing a heavy growth of sugar maple. But they were not prepared to pay a sum which they knew was forced upon them through necessity. Many a man would almost give them the mill privilege in consideration of the benefit that would thereby accrue to the other property. The two young men pointed out to Mr. Tatnall all this; they told him they were going to embark their little all in the enterprise, and that they should have nearly all their money paid out if they gave him such a price for their property. But he cared not for that.

The result of the conference was, that the young men wanted a week to consider the matter.

"Very well," said Tatnall, "you can take as long as you like."

"But you will not raise on your price again?" added Farnsworth.

"Don't know about that," was the response. "The offer I have made is only open for to day."

The two partners conversed together in a whisper, and for a few minutes they had a mind to accept Tatnall's last offer. They saw that they were completely in his power, and they had read enough of his character to be assured that he would rob them of every cent they had, if he could do so under cover of the law. But the mill privilege would be valuable to them—very valuable—and of this Farnsworth spoke

"I know it," returned Ridgely, "but you must remember that it is our energy and perseverance that will make it valuable. Let us think of it awhile."

So they went away, and left the matter for settlement in one week. Mr. Tatnall rubbed his hands when they were gone, for he felt sure that they would come back and he had made up his mind that he would have just twenty-five hundred dollars for the lot he was to sell.

On the next day the two partners took a stroll down the river, and a distance of several miles from Tatnall's place, they came to a point where a sort of bayou, or inlet, made up into the shores. From curiosity they followed this up and found it to run in about twenty rods, and then turn and extend down some quarter of a mile almost parallel with the river, and there it ended in a deep, wide basin.

Opposite this point in the river, was a steep fall of water, but no thoughts of building a mill there had been entertained on account of the rocky, rugged nature of the shores; but the inlet almost seemed cut by Providence for a mill.—By expending one hundred dollars at the outlet, the bayou could be cut right on to the river striking the bank about fifteen rods below the falls, and three mills could be built, and be not only free from freshets, but with enormous power. In fact the water power could be made extensive as was necessary; but then there were other advantages. In the first place the building spot was far superior to that of Tatnall's, and then it left a splendid growth of interval pine above, which could be easily cut and run down.

As soon as the young men had fully realized the splendid nature of the discovery they had made, they fairly danced for joy. They set off at once to find the the owner, and they found him to be Mr. Simon Winthorp, a poor, honest man, and the very one whom Mr. Tatnall had so imposed upon in the ox trade.

Winthorp owned enough land on the river, and the circumjacent upland, for quite a township. It had been left him by an uncle, and he had moved on it, cleared a small farm and he had begun now to make a comfortable living by getting off timber, though he had not yet got off a thousandth part of it.

The two partners found him at his house that very evening, and they commenced by informing him of the trials they had with Mr. Tatnall. Winthorp smiled as they finished their account—and for the amusement of the thing he related the story of his ox trade. The mill-wrights were very soon assured that they had an honorable man to deal with now, and they frankly told him of the remarkable discovery they had made, and at the same time explained to him that the mill privilege upon his land was worth double that of Tatnall's. And they ask him how he would sell the waterpower and a goodly piece of land.—He first wished to know all their plans, and they freely told him, for they knew that he was not the man to overreach them. They told him of the saw-mill, the grist-mill, the clothing-mill, and that they should probably put up a store, if people enough moved in to support one.

"Now, how much money have you got?" ask Winthorp, "that is how much can you raise to put into the place?"

"We can raise just eight thousand dollars."

Simon Winthorp got up and walked across the floor several times, and he then came and set down again.

"Gentlemen," said he, "if you will put up a good mill, and saw my lumber well, and at fair prices I will freely give you the mill privilege, and for what land you take, you shall pay me somewhere near what the lumber is worth on it. But I have another offer to make you: my old uncle was one of those who went into this land business a few years ago, and when he died he gave me all the land he owned here. It is very valuable land, though so far, I have only gained a bare livelihood on it. I have between two and three thousand acres, all told—my lot joining Tatnall's above here, and running down four miles below. And what do you say to making me a third man in your party? You may put your own energies, and knowledge, and money, with my stout hands. We shall all share alike, whether in fields, mills or stores. What think you?"

"We must think of that," uttered both young men in a breath.

"So do; but remember the mill privilege is yours if you want it, and you may put up a mill on it without cost, provided my other offer does not suit you?"

The two men went away about nine o'clock, but they felt sure they should take up with the last offer, though upon a thing of such extent, they wanted time to reflect.

Early next morning, Mr. Tatnall was at Winthorp's door. He wanted to buy a lot of intervale woodland which lay next to his own on the river. But Mr. Winthorp would listen to nothing of the kind. Mr. Tatnall hung on, for he felt sure of the mills being built on his land, and he wanted all the neighboring lumber. He swore at Winthorp for his "obstinacy," but the latter only laughed.

That afternoon Messrs. Farnsworth & Ridgley, called upon Tatnall, and informed him that they had concluded not to buy of him.

"Very well, gentleman," coolly returned he, for he thought they were only trying to bring him down.

So they both turned to leave, and as they bade him "good bye," Mr. Tatnall turned pale; he began to think they were in earnest.

"Stop, stop," he cried; "are you in earnest? Aint you going to put up the mills?"

"Not here, sir."

"But—but—don't be in a hurry.—Perhaps we can—come in, come in. Let's talk the matter over."

"There is no need," answered Farnsworth—"we have made up our minds."

"But perhaps I might take up with your offer of two thousand."

"No sir."

"But hold on a moment. I declare, rather than have the thing blow over now, I would come back to my old offer of seventeen hundred dollars."

"No sir, it's no use, for we do not want your land."

"But the mill privilege."

"Nor do we want that either."

"But," cried Tatnall, in a frenzy of alarm—"let the land go; and take the water privilege, and give me what you like for it, only put up a good mill there, even if you—you—take it for—for—nothing!"

"You are too late, sir," replied Farnsworth, with a look and a tone of contempt. Had you at first acted the part of a man, you would not only have had a good round sum for your water privilege, and your land which we wanted, but all your other property would have been enhanced in value one hundred per cent. You thought we were in your power, and you would overreach us, but you will find in the end, that this time, at least, you have overreached yourself."

John Tatnall shrank away in the house, and he had a bitter pill to suck upon.

The two young men returned to Simon Winthorp's house, and informed him that they should accept the offer.—So papers were at once made out, and "Messrs. Farnsworth, Ridgley & Winthorp," commenced in good earnest.—The saw-mill was commenced upon immediately, and at the same time men were set at work cutting the canal.

No less than eighty men were thus employed, and the "store" was built at once. The greater part of those men took pay for their work in land, reserving only enough timber on it for their own building purposes, and by the next summer those of them who had families moved in.

The grist-mill was put up in due time, and by the second autumn, quite a village of snug warm huts had gone up. After this, the colony flourished and grew. Great numbers of hands were employed during the winter in felling lumber, and when it was sawed it could be rafted and run out to sea by the high tides of the spring and fall! Those who came to cut lumber, saw the nature of the soil when the snow was gone—and they took up lots for farms.

At the end of eight years, the wilderness was changed into a village, and Messrs. Farnsworth, Ridgley & Winthorp were wealthy and respected. A flourishing village had grown up about them—their three mills were in operation—their store did a good business and their land was continually yielding them immense profits. A school-house had been put up for three years, and that fall saw the finishing touches put upon a handsome church.

And where was John Tatnall all this while? He still lived upon his farm seven miles up the river, and he had grown poor in flesh almost to a skeleton. His power of pinching his neighbor was gone, for no one was now obliged to do business with him. He saw that village grown up, and he saw poor, honest Winthorp become wealthy and respected—and he knew that all this might have been upon his own land, if he had been an honest, honorable man. But it was too late now. He could only look upon his own wilderness and then upon the smiling lands of his neighbors, and the canker ate into his soul, and made him miserable. In time the settlement extended up the river, and the stout trees of John Tatnall's land began to give place to houses, barns, and farms, but he did not live to see it or profit by it.

His chagrin and envy had killed him; and in the last hour the man who had all his life time, made it a rule to overreach all whom he had dealings with, was himself overreached by that power, against which art of earth cannot prevail.

A PROTESTANT COW.

An Irishman, who is the proprietor of a boarding shanty on the C. O. Railroad, east of Fanesville, recently purchased a cow, which, being rather wild, he had to halter, and lead home. When he arrived at the door of the shanty, his better half opened the conversation thus:

"Well, Pat, where did you get that brute?"

"Sure, I got her of Mr. H."

"What!" said she, "did you buy a cow of a Protestant? But, as you have done so, it won't be any harm to put a little holy water upon her."

"Faith, that's well thought of," said Pat; so without relinquishing his hold of the brute he held out his hand to receive the holy water, and poured it on the animal's back; making also the accustomed sign at the time of performing the operation.

It so happened that the old woman handed him by mistake a bottle of vitriol, and Pat, being unaware of the fact, felt astonished that the cow should wince under the operation; but on pouring on the supposed holy water a second time, the animal broke loose from Pat, to the great astonishment of Molly, who exclaimed:

"Holy mother of Moses! isn't the Protestant strong in her yet?"

The truth of the story is vouched for by one of the boarders in the shanty.

I wonder what makes my eyes so weak, said a loafer to a gentleman.

Why, they are in a weak place, replied the latter.

Good policy—mind your own business.

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

ANOTHER SELL—MADNESS, AND A METHOD IN IT.

On Wednesday last, a neatly dressed, very prepossessing, and prettily spoken woman, somewhere between sweet sixteen and twenty-five years of age, drove up to the door of the Insane Hospital, over which Dr.—— presides, and enquired for that gentleman. She was ushered into the reception room, where she awaited the coming of the Doctor with an air of *nonchalance* which rather fascinated the servant, who looked upon her with eyes of admiration and unfeigned pleasure. When left alone she amused herself—a woman always will—in gratifying her curiosity by inspecting the various articles in the room critically and thoroughly. The Doctor being announced, she received him with one of those bewildering smiles which some women know so well how to bestow, and whose influence no man of feeling can resist.—The Doctor welcomed her with more than his usual warmth, and soon learned the object of her visit.

She had come, she said, with a glance full of melancholy, and a tone of more than woman's tenderness, to ascertain of the Doctor, in person, whether she could secure private quarters for her husband, who was subject to intense fits of aberration of mind, but whose conduct towards her, bitter and cruel as it was, could not alienate her love for him which was the all pervading passion of her soul. He had grown so violent of late, that she wished to have him secured from violence to himself as well as to her, (and here the charming creature wept for some moments,) and if she could make an arrangement with the Doctor, she urged that it should be kept as private as his most secret thoughts, and her husband beyond the scrutiny of visitors. And then she said her heart would break, she knew it would, and wept bitterly and long.

The Doctor, as all who know his kind and tender heartedness, will readily imagine, was not insensible to the touching recital of his visitor, and with that frankness which always characterizes him, he promised to comply with her wishes, to give her husband a private apartment and his special care; and also to shield him from the gaze of curiosity seekers who run down public Institutions.

The lady was not long in arranging terms; she was not long in expressing her thanks, intermingled with tears; she was long in settling the details of her husband's confinement; she was not long, in short, of taxing her leave. And as she stepped into her carriage, aided by the kind hand of the doctor, she turned her beautiful face towards him, and cast upon him a glance that was full of tenderness and solicitude, and inspired him anew with admiration and pity.

The carriage drove away, the doctor's eyes following, amid the clouds of dust which followed in its wake, until it was entirely lost to view. Down to the bridge, along the crowded thoroughfare, over the pebbled way of Chestnut street, to a fashionable, if not the fashionable jewelry establishment of our city, the carriage passed, its sweet and solitary inmate glancing out and smiling within, and growing radiant with a thought that requires another paragraph to learn.

She alighted, and glided into the bazaar of gold and silver and precious stones, with all the stateliness of a queen. One or two of the gentlemanly attendants ran to learn her wish. She wanted to select a set of silver ware, not too elaborate in design of workmanship, nor nor yet too plain, something neat, tasteful and beautiful. The various patterns were shown, and a set valued at $500 was selected by the lady of the stately tread. She desired the articles put up, a bill made out, and she would settle it. Her wishes were complied with, and the lady took out her elegant porte monnaie, but alas! there were but about $40 in it. She had picked up her wrong porte monnaie, she said, with bewitching sweetness, and she was vexed at her stupidity. She, however, could arrange it. She was the wife of Dr.——, the principal physician of the Insane Hospital, and she desired her attendant to accompany her to that place, when she would pay him at once. Who could resist such a request from a beautiful woman—a request spoken as much with the eyes as the voice? Not the clerk, certainly.

The two got into the carriage together and back it whirled to the Hospital.—The lady jumped from the carriage, and was warmly greeted by the doctor, who was at the entrance.

"Doctor, this is my husband," said she, with an air at once sweet and sorrowful.

The poor attendant started. He was struck aghast. He could not fathom her meaning.

"What did you say, madam," he stammered, as he best could, "what did you say?"

"Doctor, this is my husband, please take him in charge."

"The devil, madam, I'm not your husband, what do you mean?"

Bursting into tears she sobbed aloud. "He has another spasm—he has another attack. Oh! Doctor, if you have pity in your soul, secure him, and save yourself and me from violence."

In vain the poor fellow attempted to explain. He was hurried along the corridor and into a room, and confined securely—the woman all the while following close behind weeping as though her heart would break. Doctor and the lady returned to the reception room, and the latter, after giving the other an outline of the peculiarities of her alleged husband's attacks, together with some directions in reference to the care she desired to have bestowed upon him, she left, promising to come again in a few days. And away whirled the carriage, the silver ware, and the lady; neither of which has been heard of since.

The poor attendant was confined three days before any one about the establishment could be induced to convey a letter to his employers, who, all the time, were suspecting his honesty, and preparing to advertise him in the newspapers. Upon the receipt of the letter it did not take them long to discover that they had been sold most brilliantly: and upon their appearance at the hospital, it did not take the Doctor long to discover that he had been sold decidedly; the poor attendant was satisfied, upon *his* arrival at the hospital that he had been sold most sorrowfully, indeed. And here, we think we will end the story, which has been talked over in fashionable circles for the past three or four days, with many a hearty laugh.

HOW LONGFELLOW GOT HIS WIFE.

It has often been said that in Hyperion are to be found the leading incidents of the author's life, that it will not be out of place if we insert here the general belief of his readers. There is something romantic in it. The Dublin University Magazine, in a review of Mr. Longfellow's work says:

"With Hyperion, the public have been for some time familiar; but it is not generally known that in this exquisite little story are shadowed forth the leading incidents of the poet's life, and that he himself is the hero of his own romance. We shall give the facts as they have come to our knowledge, and we are assured that they will not fail to interest our readers:

About the year 1837, Longfellow being engaged in making the tour of Europe, selected Heidelberg for a permanent winter residence. There his wife was attacked with an illness which ultimately proved fatal. It so happened, however, that some time afterward, there came to the same romantic place, a young lady of considerable personal attraction. The poet's heart was touched—he became attached to her, but the beauty of sixteen did not sympathize with the poet of six and thirty, and Longfellow returned to America, having lost his heart as well as his wife. The young lady, also, an American, returned home shortly afterward. Their residences, it turned out, were contiguous, and the poet availed himself of the opportunity of prosecuting his addresses, which he did for a considerable time, with no better success than at first. Thus failed, he set himself down, and instead, like Petrarch, of laying seige to the heart of his mistress through the medium of sonnets, he resolved to write a whole book—a book which would achieve the double object of gaining her affections, and establish his own fame. Hyperion was the result.

His labors and his constancy was not thrown away—they met their due reward. The lady gave him her hand as well as her heart; and they now reside together at Cambridge, in the same house which Washington made his head quarters when he was first appointed to the command of the American Armies. These interesting facts were communicated to us by a very intelligent American gentleman whom we had the pleasure of meeting in the same place which was the scene of the poet's early disappointment and sorrows.

The man who planted himself on his good intentions, has not yet sprouted.

An English paper thinks it is the first duty of tetotallars to get the duty off from tea totally.

Jim Sticks puts everything to use.—His wife has a bald head, and he straps his razor on it.

Why would tying a slow horse to a post seem to improve his pace.

Because it would make him fast.

THE LORD'S PRAYER—ANECDOTE OF BOOTH, THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN.

Booth, and several friends had been invited to dine at an old gentleman's in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres and theatre-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that his curiosity to see the man, had in this instance overcome all his scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company seated in the drawing-room, some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, and one which all present would appreciate, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. Booth expressed his willingness to afford them this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectant upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deadly pale, and his eyes turned, trembling upwards, wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, until the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from his white lips, syllabled forth, "Our Father, who art in Heaven," etc., with a pathos and perfect solemnity that thrilled all hearts.

He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard nor a muscle moved in his wrapt audience, until from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman, (their host,) stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand.

"Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day, from my boyhood to the present time, I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I have never heard it before, *never*."

"You are right," replied Booth, "to read that prayer as it *should* be read has cost me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being yet satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness and grandeur, can be condensed in a space so small and in words so simple. The prayer of itself sufficiently illustrates the truths of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of divinity."

So great was the effect produced, (says our informant, who was present,) that conversation was sustained but a short time longer, in monosyllables, and almost entirely ceased; and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up, and retired to their several homes with sad faces and full hearts.

Daniel Webster's Estate.—The Boston *Transcript* learns that the executors of the estate of Daniel Webster have sent printed circulars to persons having claims against the same, in which it is stated that the nett amount of assets in their hands is $35,180,89, and the amount of claims is about $155,000. The executors are now making a distribution among the creditors. They divide twenty one and three quarters per centum, retaining in hand about one per centum to defray expenses and charges in the suit against the city of New Orleans for a claim of $25,000, for counsel fees in the Gaines controversy.

Genteel People.—The young lady who lets her mother do the ironing, for fear of spreading her hands; the Miss who wears thin shoes on a rainy day, and the young gentleman who is ashamed to be seen walking with his father.

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

To rob troubles of their sting, face them. To make a dog bite you, run from him.

Why is a pretty young woman like corn in a time of scarcity?

Because she ought to be husbanded.

Integrity, however rough, is better than smooth dissimulation.

Friendship is the medicine for all misfortunes; but ingratitude dries up the fountain of all goodness.

A New Tie.—A poor widow was asked how she became so much attached to a certain neighbor, and replied that she was bound to him by several cords of wood which he had sent her during the hard winters.

Set a value on the smallest morsels of knowledge. The fragments are the dust of diamonds.